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DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

# A GENTLE TOUCH

*Village Sketch in One Act*

By KATHARINE KAVANAUGH

Author of "A Converted Suffragist," "A Stormy Night," "The Wayfarers," "A Bachelor's Baby," etc.

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NEW YORK  
DICK & FITZGERALD  
18 ANN STREET

245

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# A GENTLE TOUCH

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## CHARACTERS

MAJOR TUTTLE.....*Who was young once himself*  
BEATRICE DeVERE.....*Of the chorus*

TIME OF PLAYING—About thirty minutes.

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## INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

Key, cheque book and fountain pen for Major Tuttle.

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## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right hand; L. left hand; C. center of stage. D. R. door at right; D. L. door at left; R. C. right of center. UP, means toward rear of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.



WMP 25 Oct 33

# A GENTLE TOUCH

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SCENE.—Room nicely furnished but showing a man's taste. Broad table R. C. holding a few magazines. Chairs. A cellarette or sideboard UP L. filled with liquors, glasses, cigars and cigarettes. A piano L. A fire place and mantel R., a number of photographs on mantel, presumably of actresses. Sofa pillows with Yale college colors. A letter, paper and pencil on table. Doors R. and L. Time, Evening.

ENTER MAJOR TUTTLE D. L. talking back to some one off stage.

MAJOR. Yes, I know he isn't at home. I'll go in and wait for him. (*Closes door and comes DOWN stage, holding key in hand. Laughs*) That was a lucky thought of mine the last time I was here, to carry the key home with me. I bet that nephew of mine hasn't the least idea in the world what became of it. (*Puts key in pocket*) Well, you can't get ahead of the old fellows. I was young once myself. Now, let's have a look around. (*Glances around the room*) Ah-hah—just as I thought. The young rascal. (*Takes a photograph and looks at it*) Photographs of actresses. (*Glances at sideboard*) A sideboard stocked with liquors and cigars. (*Picks up letter from table*) Hello, what's this? A note addressed to Beatrice. Huh—must be expecting a lady. Well, I'll be cornswabbed. If that don't beat all. I *thought* he was too darned sanctimonious on my last visit. And this room, why, bless me, I hardly recognize it, it was so barely furnished. And cigars and liquors! "Oh, no, dear uncle, I never touch

them." I thought he was too good to be true. That's why I stole his key, and at my first opportunity came back to town to take him by surprise. This is the way he really lives. He doesn't know that I'm in town, and he is off his guard. Goes to show what a fool I was to always let him know in advance when I was coming. (*Punches Yale sofa pillow*) Now what is he doing with the Yale colors. He went to Princeton. He can't even be true to his own college. He's a fraud through and through. I wonder what that other room looks like. I think I'll go and investigate. (*Going off D. R.*) The young hypocrite.

ENTER BEATRICE DEVERE D. L. and comes DOWN C.

BEATRICE. Oh, Algy, where are you? I'm here—Beatrice, you know—and I'm hungry for that little supper you promised me. (*Glances toward D. R.*) He's primping, I suppose. I declare some men are worse than women. (*Goes to table*) Hello, what's this? (*Takes letter and opens it, reads*) "Dear Beatrice, I'll have to call the supper off. Have had a wire to go out of town. Will make up for it some other evening. Don't be angry. Dearie." (*Tosses the letter on table*) Well, I never. After me throwing down a perfectly good invitation to dine at Rector's to come here and have supper with him. Now, I'll have to go hungry, for I haven't got thirty-five cents to my name. (*Looking into her bag*) And I'm all dolled up too. Put on the best rags I could beg, borrow or steal. Even came down in a taxi, because I felt sure I could touch Algy for a case note, and now he's knocked it all in the head. Gee, it makes me sick to think I am all dolled up like this, and nobody here to appreciate it.

ENTER MAJOR, D. R

MAJOR. Hello—a lady!

BEATRICE. Oh, look who's here.

MAJOR. I beg your pardon, Miss, did you want to see me?

BEATRICE. Well, not particularly, but as long as you're here, you can stay.

MAJOR. Thank you. As I am in my nephew's rooms, I feel at perfect liberty to do so.

BEATRICE. Your nephew? Great Scott, I didn't know Algy had an uncle.

MAJOR. Oh, is that what he told you his name was? He's been lying to you too, has he?

BEATRICE. Well, he's a man. What can you expect?

MAJOR. I feel it my duty to undeceive you. My nephew's real name is Thomas Uriah Tuttle.

BEATRICE. Gee. Who wished it on him?

MAJOR. He was named after me.

BEATRICE. You don't look it. And these are your nephew's rooms?

MAJOR. They are.

BEATRICE. There's a mix-up somewhere, but it ain't my funeral.

MAJOR. May I ask your name and the object of your visit?

BEATRICE. Sure. I'm Beatrice DeVere, late of the Midnight Follies Company, at present resting. I was invited here to have supper with Algy.

MAJOR. You mean Thomas Uriah.

BEATRICE. Have it your way. He had a wire to go out of town, leaving me high and dry and thirsty.

MAJOR. Allow me to offer you a drink. (*Goes up to cellarette*)

BEATRICE (*DOWN L.*). This old guy is in wrong and don't know it. I'm going to work the game for all that's in it. Wonder what Algy will say.

MAJOR (*comes down stage with wine glass, offers it to BEATRICE*). In my young days, a girl of your age was not allowed to drink things like this, but I suppose times have changed.

BEATRICE. They sure have, Senator. (*Takes glass*)

MAJOR. Major.

BEATRICE. Major then. I knew you had a title. You're so distinguished looking.

MAJOR. Do you think so?

BEATRICE. Knew it the minute I spotted you.

MAJOR. You should have seen me thirty years ago.

BEATRICE. Couldn't. I wasn't born then. You look good to me now.

MAJOR. I used to cut a figure in those days. I tell you! Why, there wasn't a ball or party that Tommy Tuttle didn't attend. And the ladies—oh, say, they were wild about me.

BEATRICE. You don't tell me! Well, I believe it. You know, my heart commenced to flutter as soon as I looked at you.

MAJOR. Nonsense, child. Why, I wouldn't know how to make up to the ladies of the present day. The customs have changed since I was a youngster. They don't do things as they used to.

BEATRICE. In the olden days?

MAJOR. In the golden days. (*The MAJOR and BEATRICE sing the following words in an impromptu manner, suiting the action to the words. Any lively melody to suit the words. Can be omitted if desired.*)

#### SONG

MAJOR. In the olden days,

BEATRICE. In the golden days,

MAJOR. When men and maids were different.

BEATRICE. What did they do? What did they say,  
When a man on making love was bent?

MAJOR. He would meet a lady, young and fair,

BEATRICE. With deep blue eyes and golden hair?

MAJOR. Then on his knees he would fall and plead.

BEATRICE. And in her eyes his answer read.

BOTH. In the olden, golden days.

BEATRICE. But in these present days, these pleasant days.

MAJOR. The modes and ways have changed a bit.

BEATRICE. A man will meet a girl today,

MAJOR. Tomorrow to the church away.

BEATRICE. A month will pass, perhaps a year,

MAJOR. And Cupid sheds a silent tear.

BEATRICE. Out to Reno, fastest train,

MAJOR. They are both divorced again,

BOTH. In these present, pleasant days.

MAJOR. Ah, I'm not as young as I used to be.

BEATRICE. But you're all right, Colonel. Take it from me.

MAJOR. Major, my dear.

BEATRICE. You win. I wish Algy was more like you.

MAJOR. You mean Thomas Uriah.

BEATRICE. He has always led me to believe that his name was Algy Jones.

MAJOR. He has been deceiving you, my child, just as he has me. He is supposed to be here in New York studying mechanical engineering—

BEATRICE (*laughs*). Oh, la, la. Mechanical engineering! That sounds a heap like Algy—not!

MAJOR. The rascal sends me weekly reports of his progress—how many hours he studies—how many hours he works—

BEATRICE. Works! Oh, Admiral, you're off your course.

MAJOR. Major, my dear. Think of the deceit of him. I visited him a month ago for the first time, right in these very rooms, but I was foolish enough to write in advance that I was coming. He had everything prepared. The room was almost bare of furniture, only a reading table and student's lamp, a couch and a chair or two. As for liquors and cigars—he swore he never touched them. I suspected that he was deceiving me. So when I left I took the key to these rooms, and to-day I came unannounced. I thought I'd catch him off his guard, and this is what I find.

BEATRICE. You haven't been here for a month? I'm beginning to see daylight. Tell me, Capt., why do you take such an interest in this nephew of yours?

MAJOR. Major, my dear. Simply because he is dependent on me for every dollar he has, and will be my

heir when I peg out. I send him as high as fifty dollars a month regular.

BEATRICE. Fifty a month! (*Aside*) Algy spends that in a day. (*To MAJOR*) I wonder what he does with all that money?

MAJOR. Gives dinners to pretty girls occasionally.

BEATRICE (*laughs*). Caught me that time, didn't you.

MAJOR. Not that I object, my dear—don't misunderstand me. I am almost glad to discover that he is not such a muff as I thought. I know I'm old fashioned, and I don't understand the ways of this great city, but it does seem strange to me to see a young lady without a chaperon, calling at the rooms of a man friend.

BEATRICE. A chaperon? Oh, Governor, don't spring that again. I'll faint. A Broadway chorus girl with a chaperon. Oh, Mama.

MAJOR. The idea amuses you. And yet you seem a nice girl.

BEATRICE. Why, bless your heart. Commodore, I'm all right, and as to my reputation, why nobody pays any attention to a small thing like that. A chorus girl is a chorus girl, whether she's good, bad or indifferent; in the opinion of the dear public they are all alike, so you see I don't have to worry on that score.

MAJOR. But you are a good girl, aren't you?

BEATRICE. Oh, just about the average. I've been buttin' around on my own hook since I was fifteen, trying to make a living for myself, and sending enough home to keep the mortgage off the farm.

MAJOR. How did you meet my nephew?

BEATRICE. Algy? Oh, he got me my first job in the chorus; then he lent me money to get some duds—

MAJOR. What?

BEATRICE. Some clothes—glad rags—I couldn't approach a manager looking like a second edition of Sis Hopkins. You know, I was a country girl before I came to New York.

MAJOR. Ah, there's where you got those rosy cheeks.

BEATRICE. Off again, Officer. I got these at Hageman's.

MAJOR. Tell me something of your home life, won't you?

BEATRICE. Well, you see, there were sixteen of us—I was the oldest—father died before I was born—

MAJOR. But, my dear—

BEATRICE. Oh, that's so—wait a minute—I was thinking of the family across the street from us—

MAJOR. The street? But you said you lived on a farm. You mean road.

BEATRICE. You're right. I always did get them mixed. The farm was mortgaged—

MAJOR. Mortgaged. My, that's bad.

BEATRICE. Well, things went from bad to worse, until it got to the point where we only had chicken for dinner three times a week; the other days we had to be satisfied with steaks and roasts. We were almost starving, when I says to Mom, "Mom," I says, "I'm going to work, if it kills me." So Mom gave me a hundred dollars, and I came to this great, cruel city. In a week my hundred dollars was gone, and I met Algy. He got me my first place in the chorus of a Broadway show at \$25 a week. On this miserable pittance I have been trying to keep body and soul together, besides helping the old folks at home.—(BEATRICE *tells the story in a pathetic manner and as she finishes, touches her eyes with handkerchief*)

MAJOR. My dear child, don't let your sad experience affect you so. It makes me unhappy to see a girl of your tender years trying to make her own way all alone in a city like New York. I want to help you. I want to send you back on the farm.

BEATRICE (*takes handkerchief from eyes, and shouts dramatically*). No, no. Don't send me back there—don't send me back. Don't you understand? I can't face them all until the mortgage is paid off. I am their only support—their only hope.

MAJOR. How much is the mortgage?

BEATRICE (*taken by surprise*). Huh?

MAJOR. How much still remains to be paid?

BEATRICE. Five hundred dollars.

MAJOR. Then it shall be paid. (*Takes cheque book and*

*fountain pen from pocket*) I'm going to save you before it is too late. Who knows but what I may be saving a soul. It is cheap at the price. (*Is making out cheque*)

BEATRICE. Oh, sir, you are too easy— I mean, you are too kind.

MAJOR. (*tearing cheque from book*) If I had a daughter like you I'd want some one to do as much for her. Go home, pay off the mortgage, and stick to the old folks at home.

BEATRICE. (*Takes cheque*) How can I ever thank you?

MAJOR. By never coming to this big wicked city again. Now, go before that rascal of a nephew of mine returns.

BEATRICE. I'll go. (*Starts slowly UP stage towards D. L.*)

MAJOR. Wait. Write him a note saying you will never see him again. Come. Will you?

BEATRICE. Yes. (*Sits at table, quickly writes a note, folds it and puts on table. As she writes she reads*)

"Dear Algy. You have deceived me. Your uncle has saved me, and I am going home to mother. I will never see you again." There. (*Starts again towards D. L., turns and takes MAJOR'S hand*) Goodbye, and God bless you. You don't know what you've done for me, but you will soon. (*Goes to D. L., turns, and sadly says*) Goodbye.

[EXIT D. L.]

MAJOR (*shakes his head sadly*). Poor little thing. So young and so unable to take care of herself. (*Picks up note and begins to read*) "Dear old Sport. Thanks for the \$500. I don't know your nephew and don't want to. These are the rooms of Algy Jones. Take a sneak before he returns. Your nephew moved last week." (*The MAJOR gasps for breath, crumples the note, throws it to the floor, and flops into chair c.*)

MAJOR. STUNG!

CURTAIN



# BY THE ENEMY'S HANDS

MILITARY DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

By GORDON V. MAY

**PRICE 25 CENTS**

Nine male, four female characters, including a colonel and two army officers, a corporal and army surgeon, a clerical missionary, a doctor, Indian chief and a camp follower. The colonel's daughter and maidservant, the Indian chief's daughter, and an elderly temperance reformer. Time of playing, 2 hours. 3 interior scenes.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—The betrothal. Alice starts for Fort Clinton. Love and jealousy. The stolen dispatch. The dastardly scheme. Capture by Indians. The arrest.

Act II.—Plot of the captain and Indian chief. The rescue. The interrupted marriage. The broken parole.

Act III.—Dolphie and Susie. The court martial. The accusation. Indian attack on the fort. The prison door shattered. Recapture of the fort.

Act IV.—The plot unravelled. The lieutenant triumphant.

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*Rural Comedy in Three Acts*

By Gordon V. May

**PRICE 25 CENTS**

Six male, four female characters, as follows: The old farmer, an artist, two comedy parts, a genteel rascal and his pard, the farmer's wife, sister and daughter and a tricky maidservant. Time of playing, 2 hours. An intensely dramatic attempt of two rascals to plunder and ruin the old farmer. 2 interior scenes.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—A new way to pick cherries. Jenkins proposes his scheme. It works. The greatest invention of the age.

Act II.—The rehearsal. Uncle Eb falls into the trap. Ten thousand dollars. Unsuccessful suicide. Sausages. The machine won't work. "Why, it's a dog."

Act III.—Jenkins and his pard. Temptation. The arrest. A surprise party. "Strike up a reel."

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# OAK FARM

COMEDY DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

By ANTHONY E. WILLS

PRICE 25 CENTS

Seven male, four female characters, being first old man, leading man, comedy, character heavy, three comedy characters; first old lady, leading lady and two lady comedy characters. Time of playing, 2½ hours.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—Scene, room in the Weatherby home, Oak Farm. Donald departs for college. The farm mortgaged. Donald and Helen betrothed. The rain agent. Joel and Sally. Prune, postmaster and money lender.

Act II.—Scene, the same, three years later. The intercepted letters. "Why does not Donald write?" The old maid's suitors. Prune's rascality. The mortgage due.

Act III.—Same scene, two months later. Prune unmasked. The old maid's stratagem. The stranger's offer declined. "I am Donald." Joy at Oak Farm.

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# ESCAPED FROM THE LAW

COMEDY DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

By C. WALCOTT RUSSELL

PRICE 25 CENTS

Seven male, five female characters. The owner of a factory, his superintendent, a French scientist, a physician, an English labor agitator, gardener and butler. The owner's wife and daughter, his partner's widow, a maid-servant, a neighbor and a policeman. A labor agitator's plot to promote a strike and burn the owner's house. Time of playing, 2½ hours. 3 interior and 1 exterior scenes.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—Morning. The Irishman and the anarchist. The doctor recognizes and exposes the woman from Martinique.

Act II.—Evening. A wife's confession. Flight.

Act III.—Three weeks later. The dying child. One of Nature's noblemen. The plot to burn the factory. "Your silence or your life."

Act IV.—The widow and the superintendent. The house surrounded by rioters. The telegraph message. The wires cut.

Act V.—A wife's sacrifice and husband's remorse. The rioters dispersed. Home and love once more.

# MILITARY PLAYS

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LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4	4
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25 CENTS EACH

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OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	7	4
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FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour...	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

# ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

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JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours.....	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes.....	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes.....		8
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OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents).....	11	8

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DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	8	6	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	3	10	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	5	5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	8	4	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3	3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4	6	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	3	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	6	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13	4	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	4	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9	9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	3	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	4	4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3	3
WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	7	4	4
WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	4	3	3

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